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THE WANDERING PRINCE OF TROY.

TEWKESBURY:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE Wandering PRINCE of TROY.

WHEN Troy town had for ten years wars,
Withstood the Greeks in manful wise,
Then did their foes encrease so fast,
That to resist none could suffice;
Waste lie those walls that are so good,
And corn now grows where Troy Town stood.

Æneas wandering Prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had sought,
At length arriving with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought,
Where Dido, Queen, with sumptuous feast,
Did entertain her wandering guest.

As in the hall at meat they sat,
The Queen desires now to hear,
Of thy unhappy ten years wars,
Declare to me thou Trojan dear;
Their heavy hand and charge so bad,
Which thou poor wandering prince hast had.

And then anon this worthy Prince,
With words demure as he could tell,
Of his unhappy ten years wars,
So ſure a tale began to tell:
The Carthage Queen with ſighs ſo deep,
On hearing him did nought but weep.

And then a thouſand ſighs he fetch'd,
And every ſigh brought tears amain,
That where he ſat the place was wet,
As if he'd ſeen theſe wars again:
So that the Queen with truth therefore,
Said, Worthy Prince, enough, no more.

The darkſome night drew on a-pace,
And twinkling ſtars from ſkies were fled,
And he his doleful tale had told,
And every one lay in his bed;
Where they full ſweetly took their reſt,
Save only Dido's boiling breaſt.

This ſilly woman never ſlept,
But in her chamber all alone,
As one unhappy always kept;
Unto the walls ſhe made her moan.
That ſhe ſhould ſo deſire in vain,
The thing that ſhe could not obtain.

And thus in grief ſhe ſpent the night,
'Till twinkling ſtars from ſkies were fled,
And Phœbus with his glimmering beams,
Through miſty clouds appeared red,
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan ſhips were gone.

And then the Queen with bloody knife,
Aim'd at her heart as hard as ſtone;
Yet ſomewhat loath to looſe her life,
Unto herſelf did make great moan;
And rolling on her careful bed,
With ſighs and ſobs theſe words ſhe ſaid.

O wretched Dido Queen, quoth ſhe,
I ſee thy end approaching near;
For he is gone away from thee,
Whom thou do'ſt love and hold ſo dear!
Is he then gone and paſſed by?
O heart, prepare thyſelf to die.

Though reaſon would thou ſhould forbear,
And ſtop thy hand from bloody ſtroke;
Yet fancy ſays, thou would'ſt not ſpare,
Who fetters thee in Cupid's yoke.
Come death, ſaid ſhe, and end the ſmart,
And with theſe words ſhe pierc'd her heart.

When death had pier'ed the tender heart,
Of Dido, Carthaginian Queen,
And bloody knife did end the ſmart,
Which ſhe ſuſtain'd in woeful teen.
Eneas being ſhip'd and gone,
Whoſe flattery cauſed all her moan.

Her funeral was moſt coſtly made,
And all things finiſh'd mournfully,
Her body in the ground was laid,
Where it conſumed ſpeedily.
Her ſiſter's tears her tomb bedew'd,
Her ſubjects grief their kindneſs ſhew'd.

Then was Eneas in an iſle
In Greece, where he lived a long ſpace;
Whereas his ſiſter in a ſhort time
Wrote to him to his ſoul's diſgrace,
In phraſe of letter to her mind,
She told him plainly he was unkind.

Falſe-hearted wretch, quoth ſhe, thou art,
And treacherouſly thou haſt betray'd,
Unto thyſelf a gentle heart,
Which unto thee ſuch welcome made,
My ſiſter dear, and Carthage joy,
Whoſe folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet on her death-bed as she lay,
She pray'd for thy prosperity,
Beseeching God that every day,
Might breed thee great felicity;
Thus by thy means I lost a friend;
Heaven send thee an untimely end.

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
Perus'd and weigh'd them aright,
His lofty courage then did fall,
And strait appeared in his sight
Queen Dido's ghost, both grim and pale,
Which made this lofty soldier quail.

Encas, quoth this gristly ghost,
My whole delight whilst I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most,
My fancy and my will did give.
For the entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou dig'st my grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting soul
To wander with me in the air,
Where deadly grief shall make it howl,
Because of me thou took'st no care:
Delay no time thy glass is run,
For life is gone and death is come.

O ſtay awhile thou lovely ſpright,
Be not ſo ready to convey
My ſoul into eternal night,
Where it ſhall ne'er behold the day.
O do not frown! thy angry look
Hath made my breath my life forſake.

But woe is me! it is in vain,
And bootleſs is my cry;
Time will not be recall'd again,
Nor you at eaſe before I die.
O let me live to make amends,
Unto ſome of my deareſt friends.

But ſeeing thou obdurate art
And wilt no pity to me ſhow,
Becauſe I did from thee depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe:
I muſt content myſelf to take,
What lot thou wilt with me partake.

And like one being in a trance,
A multitude of ugly fiends
About this woeful prince did dance,
No help had he of any friends.
His body then they took away,
And no man knew his dying day.

OLD SONGS,

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Children in the Wood
Seven Champions of Chriſtendom
Cat-Skin
Death and the Lady
Twenty-ſeven Songs of Robin Hood
Poor Robin's Dream
Plymouth Tragedy; or, Suſan's Overthrow
Pretty Green Coat Boy
Eſquire Vernon's Fox-Chace
Famous Flower of Serving Men
Wandering Prince of Troy
Choice Pennyworth of Wit
Yarmouth Tragedy
Golden Bull
Jane Shore
Oxford Ramble
Dorſetſhire Miracle
Tranſported Felons
Teague's Ramble
Spaniſh Lady's Love to an Engliſh Captain
Northern Knight's Garland
Leeds Tragedy; or, The Bloody Brother
Humours of Rag Fair
Glocesterſhire Tragedy
Diſtreſt Lady's Garland
Chevy Chace
Bloody Gardener
Berkſhire Lady
Wandering Shepherd's
Factor's Garland
Broken Contract
Bite upon Bite
Bloody Battle between a Taylor and a Louſe
Briſtol Bridegroom; or The Ship Carpenter's Love to the Merchants Daughter
Anacreon's Feaſt
Death of Sir Andrew Barton
New Mad Tom
Cobler's wife's diſcovery
Diſobedient Son and Cruel Huſband
Somerſetſhire Tragedy
Welch Wedding
Lamentable Ballad of the Lady's Fall
Fair Maudlin

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